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New York *continued from previous page*

put it in the proper numeric context, if you split your life income times 12 among all New Yorkers with a cup, among all those *south of 14th Street*, it wouldn't amount (per screaming unit need; per unit *second* of screaming unit need) to a flea on a whale's ass.

And then there's hundreds, *thousands* of these guys/gals who ain't even *on* the whale's ass; they're in the ocean. If you handed them 10 bucks they wouldn't know whether to wipe their nose with it or eat it. I'm talking 'bout the ones you see conversing with phone poles, dressed for the Arctic when it's 102 Fahrenheit, stooping to drink out of puddles of what . . .

> The people I know who still live in New York live there 'cause if they ever abandoned their apartment they'd never, not even hypothetically, be able to replace it. To move is to move forever.

rainwater? . . . dogpiss? . . . gasoline? Hard to fathom how they get through a week, yet the dirt on their duds suggests months/years/etc. of ETCETERA. I saw literally THOUSANDS of these guys in a week of the Apple.

They're the most "conspicuous" of all the homeless, or maybe their "predicament" is, let's just say their plight is the most *topical*, so while I'm in town Ed Koch issues this proclamation to send SWAT teams of shrinks into the streets to "help these poor unfortunates" by carting them all off to hospitals. Wow, great idea. Bracket for a sec even the civil-liberties issues and you're still stuck, for inst, with *where you gonna put 'em?* The joke while I was still there was, well, in a 200-story bughouse built by Koch's brother-in-law. Or Donald Trump. (It's *nice* to see a mayor as lame and realtor-owned-&-operated as our own, doncha think?)

Okay, the rich-get-richer side. I was walking down Fifth Avenoo and I peek inside this normal-looking type clothing store, I see this normal-looking leather jacket and I try it on — no big deal, normal. Just a jacket. There's not too much leather in your equivalent L.A. kind of store, it's too hot, so I figure as long as I'm here, why not, get a jacket. Black, try it on, fits, okay, how much? EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS. Geez, if it had only been *seven* ninety-five (or even eight fifty) . . .

Or: "In five years there won't be an apartment *as such* south of Harlem." A friend of mine said that. He'd just been conned into making some token down payment on the HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS his West Village apartment — no longer as such — will ultimately cost him to own as a

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